

World 661

Chapter 661: A Glimpse of Mana Manipulation

In the end, Jack asked to enter the ancient battleground again. Myson gave Paytowin the authority to activate the machine and told his apprentice to accept Jack's payment if he wanted to enter again. Myson couldn't afford to stay here all the time.

When Jack and Paytowin were inside again, Jack said, "That Myson really trusts you a lot, didn't he?"

"He is a good boss," Paytowin answered. 'But my faction points got subtracted a lot for this favor though,' he lamented in his mind. He didn't mention this point subtraction to Jack. If Jack knew, Jack would insist on paying him back in some way or decided to not enter altogether.

"So, I have to ask...," Jack said as he looked at the familiar scene of the half-destroyed fort and the mass of soldiers. "Have you ever passed the minimum requirement mark and scored some points?"

"Uh, no..." Paytowin replied.

"Crap! So you don't know how good the reward is for all this trouble?"

"I mainly use this place for exp farming when I am lazy to teleport out into the cities."

"The exp is not that good."

"I've said so before, right?"

"The most frustrating thing to happen is when we have lower down an enemy's health and then suddenly a stray attack from those native soldiers comes and claims the kill."

"Yeah. Tell me about it, it will be worse if you fight around those golden knights."

Jack looked over at the golden knights. "You said before that we last the longest if we hang around them, didn't you?"

"Yeah. They were the last ones standing. Still fighting till the end even after all the others are down. Completely honoring their God."

"So, they last longer than three hours?"

"Yeah, but it is no good if we hide behind them just to pass the time limit. We still need to..."

"Get one-thousand kill counts, yes. How about we kill one-thousand first and then we go employ their protection? If I didn't count wrongly, we manage to kill one thousand in our first try, right?"

"Well, that might work. Never thought of that, I never got one thousand kills before," Paytowin said. "Anyway, we killed 1151 from the run just now."

"You counted till that detail? I'm impressed!" Jack exclaimed.

"Um... You can see the record over there," Paytowin pointed to the distant sky. There was a big zero number made out of the cloud in the sky.

"Shit!" Jack uttered.

"Once we reach one thousand kills and break the three-hour mark, that notification will change. Our names will be written there and our scores added. We will be given separate scores then."

"You never make it through there, right? How do you know?"

"I read the manual."

"There is a manual? Ah... not important. Let's go. We will try the plan we discussed just now," Jack said. He took the lead and ran forward.

They fought as they had been. They were cooperating well due to their history. After getting to know each other's skills better, they coordinated better.

Because of the chaotic battlefield, many times the incident where the enemies they had battered to near-death were killed by the other soldiers. After a while, Jack was getting tired of having his labor snatched. So he started to use his Inspect more, searching for enemies who were low from fighting the other soldiers and kill-steal from them instead.

Paytowin saw Jack's fighting pattern and follow suit. They started to move around on the chaotic battlefield, stealing one kill after another.

Many of their attempted kill-steal failed, but at least they didn't feel as frustrated compared to when they did all the work only to get it taken away at the last second.

Jack's Lightning God Barrage had a five hours cooldown, so he couldn't use it at once at the start of this second run. But passing their second hour, the divine skill came off cool-down. He immediately used it on the area with the most congested enemy numbers.

After the dust settled, Jack looked at the sky notification. They had passed the one thousand mark.

"It's time! Let's head over!" Jack told Paytowin. At that time, their backline had started to get overwhelmed by the enemies.

With help of Therras and Brave King, they forced their way through. They had paid attention to not wandering too far away from where those golden knights were. But after fighting their way through, they noticed these golden knights were not in their initial position anymore.

"Where the hell are they?!" Jack exclaimed.

Peniel flew up while trying her best to not get hit by stray arrows or energy shots. After looking around, she yelled, "They are further ahead! They seemed to be trying to advance."

One of the flying beasts swooped down trying to catch Peniel, Jack fired his Mana Beam, knocking the beast out of the sky before Therras came stomping on it when it fell to the ground. Peniel hurriedly flew back down before another of the flying beasts decided to have her for a snack.

"What the hell are they doing advancing while we are being overrun here?" Jack uttered.

"Um, final struggle to demonstrate their braveries to their God?" Paytowin guessed.

"Argh...! Let's chase after those fanatics!" Jack said and they again tried forcing their way chasing the trail of those golden knights.

After much difficulty, they finally catch up. Not without casualty though. Terras got killed when they met three rare elite armored trolls with spiked clubs, two rare elite armored mutated humans, and one rare elite flying beast. The noble pet even used its Imperious Pressure in its last thread of HP to allow Jack and Paytowin to flee. Brave King also got wrecked to parts. Good thing that these losses would be null once this simulation ended.

They finally managed to catch up to the golden knights. They charged into their ranks for protection, but their sigh of relief only lasted for a while. With how outnumbered these knights were, enemies attacked from all sides. Not only that, but the grade of the enemies also increased as they delved deeper into enemies' lines. There was even one mythical-grade mutated human knight, currently in a battle against the lead golden knight who was also of mythical grade.

Although these two mythical adversaries were only level 50, the force of their impacts reverberated around them. Through his mana sense, Jack could feel the unusual mana fluctuation between the two. Even though the two only fought using standard attacks, the blows could crush the others around them. Both of them were using mana manipulation in their attacks!

The main reason that Jack had been so eager to enter this dimension after failing the first time, was not the exp points and not his curiosity of the rewards, but the environment. While fighting, he had been continuously trying to apply the basics of mana manipulation.

Now that he saw the two in a contest using this technique, he felt like he could glimpse some understandings. He activated his Dragon Eye, seeing everything in slow motion as he concentrated his mana sense to the maximum. All his thoughts focused on the mana within the two's movements.

While he was at it, he somehow saw the mana take shape. It was as if a cloud of blue fireflies swarming around the two's weapons. He was so transfixed by this sight that he forgot about everything else.

"Jack, look out!" Paytowin's voice brought him out of his trance. His Dragon Eye's effect ended. The cloud of blue fireflies vanished. At the same time, he felt as if he had been struck by a truck.

Jack felt himself become weightless. He looked down and saw Paytowin and the others become smaller. A black armored troll had barged into the golden knights' rank and struck him while he was too absorbed by what he saw to sense any incoming attack.

The ground became further and further. He got smacked far away. He heard a shriek and turned to see a black flying beast coming at him. Its claws struck him but Jack also gifted it a Devouring Cross. The two fell to a sea of black.

All by himself, the enemies swarmed him from every side once he touched down. Jack tried to fight back as best as he could, but there were simply too many. In the end, he was sent back out of the simulation.

"Shit, it's just a couple more minutes left!" He uttered, but his mind quickly returned to the feeling when he saw the mana manipulation at work. He focused his mind as he tried to communicate with the mana in the room. He tried to copy how the two mythical knights commanded their mana.

He was still immersed in his training when Paytowin materialized in the room.

Jack looked at his friend and checked the time. He then said, "Hey, you passed the three-hour mark!"

"I did," Paytowin replied.

"So, did you get anything?" Jack asked.

"Well, I kill two elites and one special elite after the three-hour mark passed, getting a few scores from those kills."

"And?"

"It said my score is too low. I get a complimentary reward, a healing potion..."

Chapter 662: The Start of the Second Matches

"F*ck me! All that trouble and one freakin healing potion to show for it! This is clearly a fraud!" Jack cursed.

"Hey, hey! Lower your voice, man! You want to get kicked out for dishonoring this place?" Paytowin warned.

"Oh... Well, the reward is indeed very disappointing!"

"It's not a true reward, it's a complimentary reward..."

"Whatever. How are we going to get more scores after those three hours? Trying to survive is already a stretch."

"So, you don't want to enter anymore?" Paytowin asked.

"Of course I want!" Jack uttered. Despite the unfair requirement and the lousy reward, the place was still a treasure trove to learn mana manipulation. He thought he had a better grasp of the understanding already. He just needed to see those mythical knights in action again.

"But let's do it again tomorrow after the matches. It is night now, we should rest," Jack said.

"Yes, I'm also tired already. Come, I will send you out," Paytowin said.

As Paytowin led Jack out, they passed by a large indoor garden. There was no roof above this indoor garden, moonlight shone down and gave the beautiful garden a serene feel. Jack saw four people sitting on benches inside this garden. Callan, Pallas, Myson, and a golden-armored draconian youth.

Jack never saw the youth before, but he was surprised to see three of this faction's high-rankers gathered together in the garden. These four people also looked over when Jack and Paytowin passed.

Paytowin made a slight bow at them, Jack copied his gesture. They nodded back for a reply.

When the two outworlders went out of view, the golden armored youth said, "Sir Pallas is right, that Paytowin's friend has the mark of the creator."

"Hm... I can't sense this mark as the three of you do. But if it is so, then perhaps the time of turmoil is indeed coming," Myson muttered.

"The mark is not only with him. There is another participant who bears the same mark. A participant from the Sangrod Empire called Leavemealone," Pallas said.

"Those two are not only carrying the marks, but they also possess divine treasures within them," Callan said.

"Divine treasures?!" The other three were taken by surprise.

"I've had the closest connection to our God, so I can sense it better if it is something to do with the divine," Callan said. "That being said, I am still unable to contact our God. With the appearance of the marks and my inability to communicate with the God of Courage, I am afraid it is as Myson said, the time of turmoil is enclosing."

"Are they worthy of the divine treasure?" The youth uttered.

"If they didn't carry the mark of the creator, perhaps they are unworthy," Callan said. "But since they do, then I say it is fate. As is decreed to us, we must aid those that carry the marks, even if indirectly."

"Is that why Your Holiness told me to let him use the Ancient Battleground when my apprentice came with his request?" Myson asked.

Callan nodded. "Under normal circumstances, our facility is not open to outsiders, whatever the reason. If Paytowin asked for another outworlder to enter the battleground, let them, as long as the one that bears the mark enter as well. The outworlders are known to become even better when they work together. I am interested to know how far they can make it in the battleground."

"So far they haven't shown squat," Myson said.

"Let them get used to it first. The battleground is not easy for our youths as well," Callan said. "But of course, if Paytowin requests for another to join, you still have to charge them fees. We can't be too obvious in helping them."

"Yes, Your Holiness," Myson said.

Callan turned to the youth, "Mihos, you have very high potential. Unfortunately, you are still young. If the time of turmoil is indeed approaching, you need to grow faster. Will you not consider being the companion of one of these outworlders? If you receive their ability to level-up faster, it will help you better prepare."

The youth called Mihos didn't give a reply.

"How about becoming the companion of my apprentice? He is a trustable outworlder," Myson offered.

"I'm not interested in weakling," Mihos uttered.

"If you are interested in a strong one, you will have the chance to test them yourself at the end of the tournament," Pallas said.

"I hope they don't disappoint," Mihos said.

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The next morning, everyone gathered at the roman theater again. Unlike yesterday, Domon and Leavemealone were on the spectator seat even though they did not fight today. The reason was that Wong was fighting today. Although Leavemealone had fought Wong before, Domon still wanted him to watch Wong's fight.

Jack also didn't have a match today, his match would be on the day after tomorrow, in the fourth match against the team who won today. Yet, he also decided to come and watch the matches. He was curious about the other participants, especially the two other heavenly enforcers who were fighting today.

Aside from that, he had no problem doing his mana manipulation training while watching the show. His talent, Hundred Synchronous Thoughts, allowed him to divide his attention.

The words in the sky showed the first match of the day.

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Knight Section Match 2

Rodney, level 46 Avenger (dwarf) Vs Darkrod, level 45 Paladin (ethereal)

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Rodney and Darkrod took their place in the arena. Pallas gave the sign, "Begin!"

Darkrod activated Divine Armor and Sacred Flame right off the bat. He was holding a cleaver and a shield. His cleaver was now alighted with white flame. With enhanced protection and damage, he did not shy away from direct confrontation.

Rodney didn't back down, he held his large two-handed hammer. He lunged forward and made a wide swing. The blow was enhanced using Power Strike.

Darkrod used Knight's skill, Endure and Enhanced Block, to resist the Power Strike's pushback effect. His cleaver then slash forward, utilizing Rodney's defenseless condition since he was using two hands for his assault.

Rodney suffered the slash, receiving additional damage from Sacred Flame and suffered the Burn effect. An avenging orb appeared on his body after the slash.

Darkrod attempted another slash. Rodney didn't just let him, he swayed away to evade as he spun his large hammer trying to land a blow, which landed on Darkrod's shield instead.

The two continued to exchange blows. Jack could see both were decent martial artists. They were also proficient in using their game skill mechanics. But after some time, Darkrod appeared to be in advantage. Even though all the hits Darkrod landed were scrapes, no high damage hit, these small damages still piled up. There was also Burn damage from Sacred Flame. While for Rodney, every time he tried to attack, Darkrod's shield got in the way.

"It seemed like the ethereal paladin will win this match," Paytowin said. He was again sitting next to Jack.

"I'm not so sure," Jack said.

"Why? That dwarf had less than half his life remaining. The paladin's HP was still almost full. It will be difficult to turn things around while he has so much trouble landing a single hit."

"He hasn't used any of his avenging orbs," Jack mentioned. Currently floating around Rodney's body were ten avenging orbs. The maximum an avenger could have. The orbs had been there for some time but Rodney was still not using them.

"You think he is saving it for a big hit?" Paytowin asked.

"Are you familiar with Avenger's skills?" Jack asked. Peniel had informed Jack of the standard skills of all the elite classes, so Jack was aware of them. "I think he will make his move once his HP was down to thirty percent."

Rodney did even further than Jack's prediction, he intentionally gave an opening for Darkrod to stab. The clean stab caused Rodney's HP to fall below 30%. He activated all four available Avenger's skills then, Counter Strike, Raging Strike, Righteous Fury, and Last Stand.

Last Stand was Avenger's level 45 skill which could only be activated when the Avenger's HP was below 30%. At level 1 it increased all damage by 30%, Defense by 100%, and damage reduction by 50% for the next thirty seconds.

Righteous Fury was Avenger's level 40 skill. This skill could only be activated with at least three avenging orbs. All avenging orbs were sacrificed during the activation of this skill. At level 1, for the thirty seconds, the avenger gained +5% damage, 10% defense, and 5% damage reduction for each orb sacrificed. Additionally, if the avenger was hit again during these thirty seconds, one hit would generate two avenging orbs instead of one.

Since Rodney had ten avenging orbs, these two buffs increased all his damage by eighty percent, meaning all his attacks in the next thirty seconds were almost double. That was even if Rodney didn't level up any of these skills.

Raging Strike was an active attack. An Avenger's level 35 skill. It dealt 300% physical damage with a 100% chance of causing a dizzy effect. It also had a strong knockback force similar to Power Strike. If Avenging Orb was sacrificed for this skill, each orb increased the skill damage by 30% instead of 10%. But Rodney had sacrificed the orb when he used Righteous Fury, so this skill only produced its initial 300% physical damage.

Yet, with the two buffs combined with Counter Strike, which took a part of Darkrod's damage from the last stab, Rodney's Raging Strike was boosted a great deal. His large hammer was covered by red energy which was the characteristic of Raging Strike. It slammed down onto Darkrod's shield.

Due to the enormous damage, Darkrod still received overspill damage despite the parry. The high damage also boosted the knockback force. Darkrod's shield was smashed to the side.

The sudden spike took Darkrod by surprise. He didn't receive the Dizzy effect because he had blocked the Raging Strike using his shield, but the strong knockback's force unbalanced him. Using this opening, Rodney swung his hammer again and struck Darkrod's knee.

If this was the real world, Darkrod's knee would have been broken by the blow. But even if his body was protected by the game system, the pain he felt was still as if his knee had been broken. Darkrod screamed from the pain, which opened him up for another attack.

Rodney swung his hammer upward in an uppercut move. The hammer connected with Darkrod's chin. Darkrod's body was lifted high into the air from the blow. That last chin attack yielded critical damage.

Rodney finished the match by making one last blow by smashing Darkrod who was still in the air. Darkrod's body was brought down hard onto the floor with one hard smash. His HP bar emptied by then.

Chapter 663: Number One Gamer

"What a reversal!" Paytowin exclaimed.

"An Avenger was indeed that dangerous, you cannot let your guard down just because you are in the lead. With the right usage, this class can reverse the situation in a heartbeat," Jack said.

The protective layer surrounding the arena vanished and Darkrod came back to life. After the two players walked out of the arena, the words in the sky changed.

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Warrior Section Match 2

Sane, level 46 Berserker (draconian) Vs Spring Crown, level 47 Weapon Master (vampire)

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Both Jack and Paytowin, who were resting their backs on the stone steps, leaned their bodies forward at the same time. Spring Crown, they had often both watched this player in the past. They wondered how he performed in this game world. Out of all the participants in this tournament, Spring Crown held the highest level.

"He is a vampire, right? Considering all the surrounding is turned to void, this could be assumed as a night environment?" Jack asked.

"No, this arena has been set as a neutral environment," Paytowin answered. "Vampire race receives no boost nor handicap in this match."

The two contestants took their positions. "Begin!" Pallas announced.

Spring Crown carried a long blue spear. He was standing in a relaxed pose, the spear was on his back with its tip near the floor. He was slightly smiling as he watched his opponent. It was not a smug smile. Jack and Paytowin knew that the smile was not him underestimating his opponent. This was simply how he was. In fact, the two never saw his game character without that smile. It was as if his standard face was one with that slight smile.

Sane, on the other hand, interpreted the smile as a belittling gesture. He was carrying two axes on both hands. He immediately used Jump Assault once Pallas kicked off the match, covering the distance between Spring Crown and him in an instant.

Spring Crown made a few backsteps while his eyes stayed on his opponent. Sane's two axes came cleaving down at empty air.

"Nine and a half meter, Jump Assault level 7," Spring Crown muttered.

"Nice footwork," Domon praised. He was sitting beside Jack, at the other side from Paytowin.

Jack knew Spring Crown to be an expert martial artist as well, but that was not his most frightening ability.

Sane, finding his assault had missed, made another swing using his axe. Spring Crown's spear was finally lifted and it thrust out.

The thrust was fast and sudden, Sane didn't have the time to react. The tip of his spear clanged with Sane's axe. Jack saw Spring Crown's spear thrust with a glowing animation, which meant that it was skill. Sane's axe swing, on the other hand, was a normal attack. Small damage came out of Sane's head, indicating that Spring Crown's damage eclipsed Sane's by three times.

"Hm... Physical damage two hundred and twenty. Power of the blow, strength two hundred and sixty-five," Spring Crown again muttered.

Sane was enraged, not because he lost the exchange just now, but from his opponent's relaxed conduct. All the mutterings and that smile, especially that smile! He activated his two buff skills, Berserk and Cry of Rage, out of anger. Black tattoos covered his body as his howl of anger reverberated around the arena.

"Tattoos density... Berserk level twelve. The intensity of the cry, level ten."

Sane's body started spinning in high speed as he moved forward, his two axes extended out, intending to cut anything on his path.

Spring Crown backstepped again with his swift footwork while uttering, "Speed of spinning... Punishing Cyclone level fourteen."

Spring Crown continued to backstepped as Sane's spinning move was gunning at him. He stopped after a distance, Sane's spinning was still moving towards him.

When Sane was almost upon him, Spring Crown thrust his spear. When the spear and the axe were about to touch, everyone expected to see Spring Crown's spear getting smashed aside by Punishing Cyclone's powerful momentum. However, the Punishing Cyclone ended just as Spring Crown's spear arrived. Sane was still in his brief pause due to his skill ended. The blue spear continued unhindered and stabbed Sane's throat, delivering critical damage.

The spear then disappeared and a long two-handed sword appeared instead. It stabbed at Sane's waist as Spring Crown stepped forward. The weapon then changed again to a two-handed axe and Spring Crown made a fast slash, continuing shortening the gap.

Sane finally snapped out of his daze and tried to make a swing at his opponent who had come to a point-blank range.

Spring Crown's weapon changed again, this time to a fist weapon. One fist struck Sane's arm that was swinging at him while the other punched the wide-open armpit. The weapon then transformed into a pair of daggers. As the two contestants' bodies touched each other, one of the daggers was lodged into Sane's ribcage while the other thrust up and stabbed from underneath Sane's lower jaw, going deep into his skull.

The damage bonus from weapon changing and critical damage took out Sane's HP. He fell to the floor as Spring Crown's weapons disappeared back into his storage bag. His expression never changed throughout the fight, his small smile never wavered.

"Winner! Spring Crown of the vampire race!" Pallas declared.

Everyone took a deep breath, the fight was completely one-sided. The timing that Spring Crown used to initiate his chained attacks was Godly.

Jack and Paytowin, however, didn't find it strange. Aside from being called number one gamer, Spring Crown was known by two other titles during his gaming tenure, calculating machine and master reader. He would learn the gaming mechanics of any games he played to its detail. Any skills and specs of equipment, he could determine with a single glance or exchange, quickly reading his opponent's ability on the spot. He knew exactly when and where Sane's Punishing Cyclone would end.

Jack turned to his grandfather. "If everything goes as predicted, you will be meeting him in the final," Jack said.

"It appears so," Domon said.

"Do you have the confidence to win?" Jack asked.

"Aren't your question a bit too condescending? His martial arts is nothing compared to mine," Domon replied.

Jack rolled his eyes at his grandfather. "You forgot already when I beat your ass? Do not underestimate game skills!"

"Hmph, you were just lucky."

"This is not a small matter. We need to stop them from winning so that Master doesn't get what he wants."

"Don't worry, I've brushed up on my game skills execution. Anyway, he might be able to predict my game skills, but he won't be able to predict my martial arts," Domon said confidently.

'Well, that true as well,' Jack thought. But the fact was, Spring Crown had also defeated many martial art expert gamers who in reality had a much better martial expertise compared to him. His ability to read his opponent was not only limited to game mechanics.

"Just... Don't let your guards down when you go up against him," Jack said.

"I never let my guards down, boy," Domon replied.

After Spring Crown and Sane left the arena, Pallas announced the next match as the word in the sky changed. This time, it was Leavemealone whose body leaned forward as the next contestants walked into the arena.

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Rogue Section Match 2

Wong, level 46 Battle Monk (orc) Vs Windleg, level 46 Assassin (elf)

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After he got into his position, Wong did a quick side neck stretch, he then turned to where the spectators were sitting.

Jack, Domon, and Leavemealone were sitting close to each other, but Wong's eyes were clearly on Domon. Leavemealone was upset because of this. Wong didn't consider Leavemealone as an opponent at all.

"Control your emotion," Domon said when he sensed Leavemealone's turmoil. "You won't win against him with such a clouded mind."

"I understand, master," Leavemealone uttered, but it was difficult to control his emotion. He was determined to regain the honor of his previous loss.

Wong turned back to his opponent. "Let's finish this quick," he said.

Windleg, who was his opponent, scowled when he heard the old orc's comment. What did this guy take him for?

"Begin!" Pallas announced.

The two lunged forward at the same time, but for different reasons. Wong didn't want this pointless battle to drag longer than was needed. Windleg wanted to show this arrogant orc that he was not someone to be looked down on.

Windleg's daggers gleamed with green luminance, which meant he had activated Poison Mastery that added poison damage to his weapons. When they were close enough, Windleg used Phase Strike. He disappeared and appeared instantly behind Wong, ready to deliver backstab.

Wong was not flustered at all by Windleg's sudden disappearance. He stopped his advance, swiveled back. His elbow hit Windleg's arm which was thrusting, slapping the attack away as his large orc body slammed onto Windleg.

The body blow caused Windleg to sway. A series of hits landed on Windleg's stomach in quick succession, an elbow, a backhand punch, and a stab using four fingers. The four fingers then turned into a fist and struck Windleg's body from close proximity. The last punch was so powerful that it sent Windleg's body skidded back.

"One-inch Punch," Domon uttered.

The series of blows brought Windleg's HP down to critical by the end of the four rapid hits. Fully on alert, Windleg intended to use Vanish to escape. But before he could activate the skill, he felt a strong impact at the top of his head.

The spectators saw Wong lift his leg high while Windleg was still woozy. The foot then came down with an axe kick, planting Windleg's face onto the floor as well as cleaning out whatever HP he had left.

Chapter 664: End of the Individual second matches

After Wong left the arena, Domon and Leavemealone got up from their seats and left to continue their training. Despite Leavemealone trying to not show it in his expression, Jack could see the guy's tense gaze.

Jack himself had his concern. All three heavenly enforcers were no simple players. They all had one thing in common throughout their matches, their opponents didn't manage to land a single hit. He wondered if his friends could prevent at least two of these three from winning the first place?

While he was wondering, the fourth match of the day started.

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Archer Section Match 2

Audrey, level 46 Gunner (dwarf) Vs Anotherday, level 46 Hidden Weapon Specialist (elf)

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Audrey was a girl dwarf who carried a large shotgun with two hands. Anotherday was still wearing the long coat like the one Jack had met him with the first time. It covered half of his lower face and also concealed much of his body. No one saw if he was holding a weapon or not.

Audrey didn't bother to ask whether her opponent was ready or not. Once Pallas announced the start of the match, she lifted her shotgun and got into a kneeling position, activating her Shooting Stance. At the same time, a creature that looked like a combination of a hedgehog and a badger appeared by her side.

Audrey took her shot. Anotherday zipped to the side with fast movement half a second before the trigger was pulled. His coat flapped open, four daggers flew out, indicating his Flying Dagger skill was at least level 15 already.

The number of daggers was too many, Audrey was forced to abandon her Shooting Stance as she attempted to evade. She dodged two daggers in her hasty jump. Another she blocked using her shotgun before hitting her face. The last one stabbed her right leg.

Audrey gritted her teeth as she endured the pain. She used her Drone skill. The small floating machine appeared and hovered towards Anotherday as it shot bullets. Her spiked badger, in the meantime, was chasing after Anotherday. It occasionally shot spikes from its body. Audrey also resumed shooting.

Anotherday never stopped running. With three opponents shooting range attacks at him, it was a miracle he was not yet full of holes. But a Hidden Weapon Specialists boasted the fastest movement speed amongst the Archer's elite classes, even faster than a Beastmaster.

Yet, dealing with attacks from these many fronts, Anotherday couldn't shake all of them off. He didn't just take them passively though, he continued throwing his flying daggers whenever its short cooldown was up. Mixed in between the thrown daggers were Ranger's Throw Weapon and Archer's Precise Shot skill, also using his dagger. His daggers flew non-stop.

Audrey was less agile compared to Anotherday. She also couldn't aim while moving at high speed as Anotherday did. So, despite her having more helpers, she still received more hits compared to Anotherday. The repeated hit by the daggers had triggered the Bleed effect.

In her frustration, she threw a grenade at Anotherday, hoping the explosion could halt his running. But Anotherday's dagger struck the grenade mid-flight, causing it to bounce away and exploded elsewhere.

Anotherday threw his boomerang. The weapon flew at an arc. He had positioned himself at an angle where the boomerang's flight path hit Audrey, her drone, and her pet. Audrey suffered from the Dizzy effect after getting hit by the boomerang.

In her daze state, Anotherday threw his Concealed Needle. Thirty needles that were almost invisible due to their thinness filled the air. Jack had learned from Peniel that the Concealed Needle at its first level only had ten needles. Every level would add one needle to the skill. This meant Anotherday's Concealed Needle was at its maximum level already.

The thirty needles riddled Audrey's body. Each of these needles dealt small damage, but if all thirty hit, the accumulated damage was enormous. Anotherday's control over his throw granted clean hits on all thirty needles, emptying Audrey's HP bar.

Anotherday had won. Yet, Jack saw a dissatisfied expression on his face. Jack saw him steal a glance at the audience. Jack looked at where he was glancing and saw Ronald sitting there.

'I see...', Jack thought. Anotherday had tried to limit his attacks to only his Flying Daggers. He didn't even use his pet in the match, probably he wanted to prove that he could win a match as easily as Ronald. But seeing his HP going down, Anotherday had decided to use two other skills to secure victory. He didn't want to end up losing the match just to prove something.

Next was the last individual match of the day.

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Mage Section Match 2

Searing, level 46 Elementalist (vampire) Vs Rudeflower, level 46 Warlock (elf)

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The two magic users stood inside the arena. Once the match began, the two started shooting Mana Bullet and Energy Bolts. The two seemed to have learned from yesterday's Mage section match. None of them began the match by casting spells with complex spell formation. They went further and cast basic spells which needed no casting time instead.

Seeing the basic spells incoming, the two used Magic Shield to protect themselves. The two then stared at each other for a second. As if having an understanding, the two started forming spell formations.

The match was again being reduced to who could cast faster. They both cast elite spells with the fewest runes and completed the spells in almost the same time.

Fireball shot out from Searing's staff while a crimson rope was formed on Rudeflower's staff. The rope lashed out at Searing while his Fireball seared Rudeflower's body. Rudeflower endured the pain from the burning while her concentration stayed on her Hell Whip.

The whip successfully latched at Searing. The Elementalist tried to move away when the whip came, but his movement speed was too slow to make any meaningful dodge. The Hell Whip started coiling around his body and bound him.

Using the advantage when her opponent was restrained, Rudeflower cast another spell. An ominous gate came burst out of the floor next to Searing, its doors facing him. Searing was terrified seeing the gate. He knew what this gate was. It was Hell Gate, if he stayed in this position, he would suffer the chaos damage when the gate opened.

Searing was still bound by Hell Whip. He tried jumping away from the gate, but the whip restrained much of his movement. The gate opened and a torrent of chaotic energy burst forth, hitting Searing.

He fell to the floor from the force. When he was still reeling, two hellhounds came out of the gate. The hellhounds immediately pounced at him.

The Hell Whip duration finally ended and he was free. But when he looked over at Rudeflower, he found out that she had been casting five runes spell.

"F*ck...," Searing uttered as Hellish Explosion took effect above him. He and the two hellhounds were engulfed by the massive explosion. Rudeflower didn't care if her spell damaged her own minions. The two hellhounds were there to pin her opponent down until she completed her spell.

When the explosion subsided, Searing's body was lying on the floor unmoving.

The last individual match of the day ended with the victory on the Warlock of the elven race.

Pallas told everyone to take a twenty-minute break before returning for the team match. Jack and Paytowin again went down to enjoy the snacks and refreshments during the break.

Jack looked to the spectators and saw the three heavenly enforcers stay at their seats. These three were certainly not nervous, but it seemed that they didn't bother to mingle nor enjoy the hospitality of the host.

Jack saw his grandfather's friend, Jet Hung, among the crowd that came down for the snacks.

"Uncle Jet! Enjoying the snacks?" Jack asked as he approached.

"Yeah, these snacks are good. Better than our real-life ones even, I must say. Gotta enjoy it since it's free," Jet replied.

"You don't seem nervous at all. Aren't the next match yours?"

"Yesterday before your match, you also didn't seem nervous at all."

"That's because I'm sure I will win."

"Well, same here."

"Ahaha, now that's the bragging uncle Jet I remember," Jack said with a laugh.

"What bragging? That is what's going to happen!" Jet uttered while never stopping munching at the snacks he could get his hands on.

"If you win, you will be going up against my team next," Jack said.

"That's right. Looking forward to beating your team," Jet said.

"Really? You watch my team match yesterday, didn't you?" Jack asked.

"I did," Jet answered.

"If you think your martial arts can win against me. I have to warn you, I've defeated my grandfather before."

"I know, he told me."

"He did?"

"He did. He is rather proud of you, you know. Nevertheless, he thinks you need more improvements still."

"And you still think you can beat me?"

Jet smiled. While walking away, he said, "just don't feel too bad when it happens, eh, Jack boy?"

Jack watched Jet leave, questions filling his mind.

Chapter 665: Second Team Match

After the twenty minutes break, everyone returned to the spectator seats, except for the ten participants of the second team match. The words in the sky showed these ten participants.

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Team Section Match 2: Ethereal Vs Dwarf

Ethereal Team

Edmond, level 46 Sentinel

Sparkle, level 46 Mage Knight

Snoop, level 46 Archmage

Notnewbie, level 46 Elementalist

Reaper, level 45 Reaver

Vs

Dwarf Team

Longstick, level 46 Paladin

Hideout, level 45 Bard

Sierra, level 46 Elite Marksman

Jet Hung, level 46 Beastmaster

Outdoor, level 46 Druid

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Same as yesterday, Pallas opened two portals for the two opposing teams. The two teams entered their respective portals. Images appeared on the sky showing an overview of the map and the zoom-in view on the ten inside the arena dimension.

"Cool," Jack uttered when he watched the screens on the sky. He was inside the screen yesterday, so this was the first he saw them.

The landscape, however, was different from the icy terrain yesterday. This one was a jungle region with some rivers flowing randomly around the landscape.

Like yesterday, the two teams started from two opposing corners. The ethereal team started moving forward taking the central path, which was the shortest to their opponents.

When they approached the row of trees with lush foliage, spectators started to bemoan the landscape. It was still fine for the zoom-in screens, but on the overview map which showed a bird-eye view of the entire map, all the participants would be covered by the tree foliage once they entered the jungle.

When they were complaining, the ethereal team went under the tree and the foliage turned transparent, allowing everyone to still see the players underneath.

Those that complained out loud shut their mouths in embarrassment, while those that complained within were glad they kept their mouth shut. Those that think of nothing simply admired the view, one of which was Jack, who again uttered, "cool."

The dwarf team on the opposite corner, stayed in their initial position, not moving. One of their team, the level 45 bard, Hideout, suddenly turned slightly transparent before separating from the team and moving forward, taking a path slightly to the left. The others waited for a while before following the same path.

"Is that a skill? What is a skill that made someone slightly transparent? What use is it?" Jack asked.

"There is no such skill," Peniel answered.

"He is not slightly transparent, he has become invisible," Paytowin explained. "The scene showed invisible players in that way, so we as spectators can still see them. For those who are inside, they won't be able to see him at all."

"Cool!" Jack said for the third time. "That's not standard Bard skill, right?" Jack said to Peniel.

"No, I think he is using Hide skill," Peniel answered.

"Like the one used by Life Runner? I thought you said it is a very rare skill?"

"Two persons have the skill amongst so many people is still considered very rare, isn't it?"

"Well... I suppose you are right."

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Inside the arena dimension. Four of the five dwarfs, two men and two women, were waiting for their leader's instruction, the elderly dwarf, Jet Hung. They had wanted to rush ahead once they came through the portal but Jet asked them to wait.

"Hm... As I thought, we can't send messages here," Jet said. "Which is good."

"Good? Why good?" Longstick asked.

Jet didn't answer.

"So, what should we do?" Sierra, a dwarf woman, asked.

"As we have discussed last night. Hideout, use that Hide skill of yours. We will follow your powder trail. Once you find the enemy, change the powder color of the trail. We will then know the enemies are moving in front of us with their backs to us. If they are heading towards you, then imitate a bird's whistle, so we will hide."

Hideout nodded. He then moved away from the group before turning invisible.

The others stayed behind. While waiting, Jet said, "As you see from the words in the sky, the enemies mostly consisted of magic classes with only one defender. If we can take them by surprise and prevent them from casting spells right from the start, victory will be ours."

"Yeah!" The others were inspired hearing Jet's plan.

"All right, Hideout should be a distance ahead now. Let's move!" Jet said. The four started moving ahead while lowering their backs to have their presence less visible.

"You know... we are dwarfs. We are low enough already even without lowering our backs...," Outdoor, the other dwarf woman, uttered.

"Right... Force of habit," Longstick said.

The four straightened their backs and walked forward following a trail, a thin white-colored powder, left behind by Hideout. This powder was junk items they have bought from the city. Jet had thought of this scouting tactic since they were selected as the team to represent their country. They could finally put it to use.

After following the trail for a while, they suddenly heard a high-pitch whistle.

"Incoming!" Jet uttered. "Find a place to hide!"

They hurriedly ran to the side, away from the trail. The whistle meant Hideout had found the enemies and they were walking towards him. Since Jet and the others were directly following Hideout, this meant the enemies were walking directly towards them as well.

They went inside thick bushes and hid.

"You know, another advantage of being a dwarf is that it is easy to find a hiding place," Outdoor said.

"Sshhh...!" Jet shushed them.

They heard movements not far away. The jungle ground was soft so footsteps were not so audible, even for non-ranger classes. Most of the sounds they heard were someone or something brushing past the grasses or leaves.

They stayed for a while until the sound was completely gone.

"All right, let's go out and checked," Jet said.

They came out of hiding and went back to where the trails used to be. There was now another powder trail, red-color this time. Meaning that Hideout was now following the enemies from the back.

"Good! All five traveled together," Jet uttered. The red powder also meant that all five opponents were present. They had agreed that if the group Hideout was following had members missing, Hideout was to use blue-colored powder instead. So they who followed behind would take precaution as they might stumble upon the missing member.

"Okay, now we begin the phase to chase after the enemies. Be silent. Be mindful of your steps. Do not let the opponents be aware that we are behind them!" Jet said.

The others nodded their understanding.

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"That dwarf team is good," Paytowin commented. The images on the sky showed how the dwarf team stalking their enemies and was now slowly approaching. It was like a hunter enclosing on its prey.

"That Jet geezer is not just a martial artist. He is also a hunter. He likes to live for a few months inside a forest and hunt using just bow and arrows for a hobby," Jack said.

"No wonder he chose the beastmaster class," Paytowin said. "I've been wondering why a martial artist chooses the archer class in the first place."

"He said jungle trekking and prey-hunting is one way for him in training his martial arts," Jack said.

"Weird way of training, if you ask me," Paytowin remarked. "By the way, he is a close friend to your grandfather, right? Is he as good as your grandfather?"

"Not as good, but still way better if you compare to any other standard martial artists," Jack said. "He is my grandfather's martial brother and they used to spar during their younger days. Anyone that can be my grandfather's sparring partner is not a normal martial artist."

"So, do you have confidence if going up against him? They will be your opponent if they win this match."

"Of course!" Jack uttered, but then the memory of Jet's confident statement during the break time came back to his mind.

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Inside the arena dimension, the ethereal team continued combing through the terrain. They had come upon their opponent's starting corner but found no one there. They now took the side path and walked slowly as they paid attention to their surroundings.

"I don't like this terrain. Too many concealed places. You don't know what might jump out from the bushes! It would have been better if we have gotten the icy landscape like the teams yesterday. You can see opponents coming from a mile away," the Ethereal Elementalist, Notnewbie, complained.

"This disadvantage is shared by our enemies as well," the Sentinel, Edmond, said. "If we don't know where they are, they don't know where we are. Just stay sharp. We might stumble upon each other anytime. Just be ready to cast your spells. I will hold them down long enough."

Notnewbie suddenly whirled to her back.

"Something's wrong?" The others stopped.

"I thought I heard something," Notnewbie said.

"Probably just your imagination."

"Probably it's the same bird who whistled before."

"They are really good at creating this dimension, they even have birds inside here."

"Let's go. We only have two hours here. We need to find them before then," Edmond said, trying to get everyone to move again.

"Actually, why do we have to move around? Let's just hide and wait for them to pass by. That way we can make a jump at them," Snoop proposed.

"Hm... That's actually not a bad idea," Edmond said. "All right. Let's find a place with more bushes. We will lay low and..."

His word stopped short when he saw a short person jump out from the bushes behind Notnewbie.

Chapter 666: Entering the Ancient Battleground Again

The dwarf behind Notnewbie was Jet. On his two hands were a set of weapons that was a combination of a fist weapon and a dagger, a katar. Jet made rapid short punches on Notnewbie's back. Damage numbers appeared repeatedly due to the fast stabs.

"Enemy!" Edmond shouted. He immediately used Cover, appearing in between Notnewbie and Jet. Jet's katar hit Edmond's shield with a clang.

When Edmond wanted to retaliate, Jet disappeared from his vision by making a super jump above. In exchange, sixteen arrows came into his vision. It was Sierra's Fan Shot. Elite Marksman level 40 skill. At

level 1 it shot ten arrows in a fan-shaped, each arrow dealt 120% damage. Every two levels increase added another arrow, meaning Sierra's Fan Shot was at level 13.

The sixteen arrows hit the five ethereals.

Music suddenly filled the air. At the same time, all five ethereals received notification that they had been afflicted with Slow status. Hideout had come out from his invisibility and was playing lute nearby. As opposed to other Bard's whose music provided buffs to teammates, his music provided status ailments to enemies.

Both Sparkle and Snoop started forming spell formations. An arrow came again and hit Sparkle. The arrow was shot with Power Shot skill. The knockback caused Sparkle to stumble, her casting disrupted.

Another short figure came out of the bushes from a different side from where Jet came out from. Hammer made of light was thrown by this figure, Longstick. The hammer struck Snoop, disrupting his casting as well. The hammer was Holy Hammer skill. Longstick arrived beside Snoop and used Power Strike, knocking the ethereal away from his group.

While playing his music, Hideout used Sonic Darts at Reaper, causing him much difficulty in concentrating and slowing down his casting.

After somersaulting past Edmond, Jet came down at Notnewbie with a dropping axe kick on her head, causing her serious dizziness, before resuming the rapid punches with his katars.

Edmond activated Protection Field, trying to reduce the damage done to his teammates. He then lunged forward to save Notnewbie, but a wall of vines erupted in front of him. He was swiftly entangled by the vines.

Reaper finally completed his spell, Reaver's level 35 spell, Soul Discus. It summoned a discus that flew around the caster, attacking anyone that came into the vicinity, dealing 100% soul damage. The damage was then converted into HP for the Reaver.

Before Reaper could cast another spell, though, a large brown bear appeared in front of him. The bear was Jet's medium-sized pet. The bear slapped Reaper to the ground. The soul discus struck the bear, but the bear simply ignored it as it continued to maul Reaper.

Sparkle, who was rising back up from the Sierra's Power Shot, suddenly found herself face to face with a tall wooden creature. It was a treant summoned by Outdoor.

All four of the ethereal's magic users were occupied in melee by Jet, Longstick, a bear, and a treant. All the while these four also got shot by arrows and sonic darts. The ethereal sentinel, Edmond, could only watch helplessly as he was entangled by the wall of Vines.

It was a one-sided beat-up. The ethereal team had lost the moment they got ambushed.

Soon, the ten players reappeared outside in the arena.

"Winner, dwarf team!" Pallas announced.

Everyone applauded. They were all impressed by the dwarf team's teamwork and strategy. With the end of that team match, the tournament ended for the day. Everyone started leaving.

Jet and his team passed by Jack and Paytowin as they left. Jet looked at Jack and smiled. He said, "see you in our next match."

Jack simply replied with a nod.

After the dwarf team left, Paytowin said, "he seems confident."

"He is," Jack agreed.

"Although the players in his team are good, especially that old dwarf, I still don't see how they can beat you," Paytowin said.

"Hm...," Jack mumbled while watching Jet's departing back.

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After the team match ended, Paytowin asked Jack if he wanted to dive into the ancient battleground again. Jack said, "Of course!"

The two then went into the temple of courage. Myson was not there anymore. Paytowin had been given access to activate the ancient battleground device. Jack just gave Paytowin the 10 gold coins before entering.

This third time, however, Jack told Paytowin he wanted to go directly to where the golden knights were. Jack had informed Paytowin about the mana sense technique. Jack had even thought this friend of his, but since Paytowin had no proper foundation, he didn't quite get the technique. He just started learning it like a freshman.

Jack told Paytowin that he could go and kill enemy soldiers for exp. Jack summoned Therras to aid Paytowin. But Jack himself would spend his time observing the lead golden knight since he thought the exp was not that tempting and the reward was shitty anyway.

Since Paytowin couldn't sense anything from those golden knights, he took up Jack's offer. With Brave King and Therras, he went and engaged the black army. As a gift, Jack used his Lightning God Barrage to rake up the kill counts before moving away and slipping into the golden knights' rank.

After following the golden knights for a while, Jack found out that the lead golden knight didn't use any mana manipulation technique in these early hours.

"Shit! So he only uses it when going up against a strong opponent?" Jack lamented.

"As I have said, for natives, mana manipulation was a rare technique. Only Domon can use it non-stop as he did," Peniel explained. "Why didn't you just ask Domon to perform it for you and you observe him?"

"The mana inside this battleground is much denser. It is much easier for me to study the mechanics when I am here," Jack replied.

"Guess you have to just wait until a strong enemy comes by, then."

"I guess so."

So Jack just stayed with the golden knights and tried kill-steal as best as possible while paying attention to the lead golden knight.

It was as Paytowin had said. It was much more difficult to get a kill count among these golden knights. Their base damage was higher. Their skills also gave them very high damage. Although Jack's skill also had high damage, it simply put the playing field on an even ground.

To pass the time, Jack continued to practice the application of mana manipulation on his every attack. He still couldn't do it properly though, but he felt that he gained a bit of understanding with each swing, so he carried on. The dense mana of this ancient battleground environment was something hard to come by, so he had to utilize this chance to the fullest while he was here.

Jack remained with the golden knights while helping them repel the enemies. His kill counts went up very slowly. Paytowin was doing fine, however. Even so, when the three hours passed, he saw that their kill counts were still below seven hundred. It was indeed difficult if he didn't focus on getting kill counts.

Before the three hours passed, the golden knights had started to charge forward, same as yesterday. Jack followed after them. Same as yesterday as well, the mythical-grade black knight came and clashed with the lead golden knight.

Jack immediately focused his attention on them. But after learning his lesson yesterday. He didn't want to get ambushed while he was at it, so he spare a small portion of his thought using his talent to monitor the surroundings.

He also activated Dragon Eye when the two mythical-grade knights used their high-level skills.

Like yesterday, the mana movements around the two came visually in his eyes. He watched and studied in fascination as the blue mana swam around the two's weapons as they clashed.

When the dragon eye's active effect ran out, the colorful visual aid vanished. He was back to conventional mana sensing, but he had glimpsed a great deal of information from the observation just now.

The giant troll that had smacked him yesterday had again barged into the golden knights' rank. Jack didn't let himself get sucker-punched again. He moved away as another knight came and engaged the troll. He didn't bother fighting any enemies. His priority at this time was studying the two mythical-grade knights' mana movement.

He stayed for as long as he could. The golden knights started thinning as they were overwhelmed by the enemy's massive number. Jack didn't see Paytowin, his friend might have failed to charge through enemy ranks to come here. These golden knights continued to penetrate deeper into the enemy rank even when there was no hope at all.

After experiencing this himself, Jack had to admit that he admired their dedication. He could see the fear in each of the golden knights' faces, but not one of them succumbed to that feeling. They truly brought no shame to the courage that they worshipped so much.

Near the end, another two mythical-grade enemies came. The lead golden knight now had to contend against three opponents equal to himself. Yet, he didn't back down.

Influenced by their zeal, Jack shouted at the top of his lung as he rushed forward to clash with one of these mythical-grade opponents, only to get one shot and be sent back out of the ancient battleground.

Chapter 667: Third Matches Starts

Paytowin was already outside waiting for Jack. As expected, he had died when he tried to go to where the golden knights were. The kill counts were not yet fulfilled but the defenders were already overrun, so he tried to go over to the protection of the golden knights' rank, but failed.

Jack and Paytowin dove in again into the ancient battleground for the second run of the day.

This time though, Jack went back to amassing kill counts. The lead golden knight didn't use any mana manipulation until near the third hour, so it was useless for him to stay with the golden knights before that. Might as well use the time to collect exp points even though it was not much.

Since they got used to the enemies and the defenders' movements and attack patterns, Jack and Paytowin were more effective in kill-stealing. Their kill counts went up rapidly. In this run, they had fulfilled the one-thousand kills requirement a bit after two hours passed. They immediately went to where the golden knights were.

The golden knights were just starting to decide on their suicide charge by then, so the two didn't have to fight through a swarm of enemies to reach them.

This time, Jack didn't use his Dragon Eye's active ability as soon as the lead golden knight clashed with his nemesis. He instead waited until the last moment when the lead golden knight was fighting against three mythical-grade opponents, then he activated his Dragon Eye's active ability.

With more beings showcasing the mana manipulation power, Jack could study more.

They were sent out not long after that. Once things reached that stage, every second was a luxury. Even the golden knights were getting slaughtered by then.

Paytowin asked if Jack wanted to do a third run, Paytowin could see Jack's passion in learning mana manipulation within the battleground. But like yesterday, Jack said it's night already. There was no need to force it, he also needed time to absorb the lesson he had learned today.

They parted way after.

Jack didn't go back to rest. He sat and meditated at one of the gardens outside the temple until the one-hour cooldown of his Dragon Eye skill passed. He then went to where Domon was training Leavemealone. They were still at the secluded spot from yesterday.

"Did that Wong fellow come again?" Jack asked when he arrived.

"No," Domon answered. "Do you want to join the training?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. Can you please display a couple of moves using mana manipulation?" Jack asked.

"Sure," Domon said. He took a position to ready himself before executing One-word Slash.

Jack used his Dragon Eye's active ability just as Domon slashed. Domon's simple yet powerful slash came under Jack's scrutiny in slow motion. Though the mana at this place was denser than the world below, it was not as much as inside the ancient battleground. There was no visual effect accompanied during the mana manipulation. No blue fireflies. The visual effect only came when a flash of extremely straight line whizzed in the air following Domon's flash, but that visual effect was the common characteristic of One-word Slash, not exactly due to Jack's ability to perceive mana.

Yet, Jack still learned much from that one slash. There was already much understanding from what he learned inside the ancient battleground, so he could understand even more now.

He took a stance himself and concentrated. Domon who saw Jack's act, stood still and observed in silence. Leavemealone who was still doing shadow-boxing also stopped after he felt the irregular movements of mana surrounding Jack.

Out of his grandfather's sword arts, the Formless Flowing Sword Style took the first place, but he also know how to do One-word Slash and One-word Thrust. The latter two were the simplest due to their straightforward movements. Yet, they were also complicated because of their chi-application.

In other words, they were pure arts utilizing mana manipulation. Without it, these two arts were just simple slash and thrust. Though the thrust was still useful for its deadly accuracy even without mana manipulation, as had been exhibited by Jack during his fight with Grimclaw in Death Associates' warehouse.

As he readied himself, he guided the mana to congregate along the arm and the sword in his hand. The one-word slash was done by having the mana lined up along the path the sword will be traveling before it was slashed. It was like constructing a railway where the train would be traveling. when the sword slashed, its blade would go along this railway, getting accelerated in the process and creating energy friction that could cut almost anything.

Jack performed the slash. A bright flash accompanied his slash, forming a line. The line formed by the flash was not totally straight, though. Not as Domon had done. The line was a bit bloated at some parts, meaning Jack had not yet mastered the technique. Jack also felt the slash was not as powerful as it should be.

However, his grandfather said, "I'm impressed. I expected it will take you much longer to reach this stage. I'm very surprised by your improvement."

"Really? I think there is still much lacking," Jack said.

"You are not wrong. If you try using this in a real fight, more likely you get distracted and lose the fight. You put in too much effort in controlling the mana and also take too long. Don't use it in a real fight before you are truly proficient in it."

"I understand," Jack said.

"Still, as I said. Your improvement is amazing. You are on the right track. Keep practicing!" Domon encouraged.

Without saying anything, Leavemealone returned to his training again. Oddly, he only did a simple punch. It was like watching a beginner who just start to learn martial arts. Intrigued by it, Jack paid attention.

"He... He is also learning mana manipulation?" Jack asked.

"He is already more proficient than you in that department from the start," Domon said. "It's just that his application is also not so fluent that he cannot yet apply it in a real fight. I am teaching him a punch technique that utilizes mana manipulation. Under normal fight, that won't help him against a grandmaster like Wong. But if he could use it at the right time for a surprise attack, that might just help him achieve victory. It's all up to him in the end."

"I will defeat him!" Leavemealone uttered when he heard Domon's words. "I won't disappoint you, master!"

"Mm, good!" Domon said. He then turned to Jack, "How about you learn one or two things about manner from him?"

"Tsk! He behaves this way only to you. Any other person, that guy is the personification of rudeness!" Jack exclaimed.

Jack ended up training together with them until late at night. Leavemealone's fairy, Carnelia, was nowhere to be seen at first. Jack thought she was simply hiding in her hidden dimension, but her voice was suddenly heard as she called Peniel. She was flying back from somewhere. Apparently, she was getting bored when Leavemealone was training, so she went and explored the beautiful gardens around this place. After a few chats with Peniel, the two ended up going away to explore together.

Jack didn't bother them. It was a rare occasion for the two to meet. He focused on his training.

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The next morning, everyone gathered again in the roman theatre for the third matches. Domon and Leavemealone were absent from the start since they didn't have a match today, as did Wong.

Pallas greeted everyone with a fine morning. He announced the third day of the tournament as the words in the sky showed the first match of the day.

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Knight Section Match 3

Arthur Bagrat, level 46 Avenger (draconian) Vs Sharpedge, level 45 Avenger (orc)

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"Lots of Avengers in the individual matches," Jack said.

"Similar to the rogue sections, lots of Assassins and Battle Monks," Paytowin remarked. "Guess certain classes are more suited for dueling compared to others. Those are also the more popular classes. Sentinel, Paladin, and Bard are more useful in a team. While Technocraft, well, many players who are late in getting their elite classes started to avoid this class after learning from the one who did."

"Oh? Why is that?"

"The class ate up lots of resources and coins. It also requires lots of research into different golem parts. Those that had no patience would just end up with an inferior techno golem."

"Needs lots of coins? Right up your alley then."

"Bro, do you think I am still playing with pay-to-win style? I am broke here like everyone else, remember? I was lucky I get accepted into this faction. The pay is good. They also supplied me with my many needs at an affordable price."

"Talking about this faction, I have to ask. Are you the only player who is a member here?"

"I am," Paytowin said proudly.

"Damn! You are right, really lucky. Any chance for me to apply for membership?"

Peniel chimed in after hearing, "Being a member of a divine faction is different from the other faction. You are required to have total devotion. Much worse than the military branch of the kingdom faction. As you see, Jeanny still has free time to do her own things. If you become a member here, you will have to stay within this faction most of the time and perform all the tasks given to you."

"She is right," Paytowin said. "I rarely go down the mountain. I only allowed a few free days in a month."

"How do you keep up with the level then? That ancient battleground is lousy when it comes to exp points."

"I express this concern to my boss, Myson. He helps organize a few powerful members that help power-level me in those few free days I got."

"Wow," Jack uttered.

"Yeah. As I said, he is a good boss," Paytowin said. "Still interested to join?"

"Nah, thank you. I won't stand getting cooped up here," Jack said while shaking his head.

Chapter 668: Sword Master

The two contestants stood opposite one another in the arena. The draconian, Arthur, was carrying a long katana which was still housed inside its scabbard hanging on his left waist. The orc, Sharpedge, carried a very large greatsword on his back.

"Begin!" Pallas announced.

Arthur got into a low position as his right hand rested on his katana hilt. His pose reminded Jack of the samurais from the movies. Sharpedge took his greatsword from his back and got into a ready position with the large sword facing forward.

Sharpedge took one step forward. Arthur stayed his ground, his eyes stared intensely at his opponents.

"Not pulling your sword?" Sharpedge asked.

Arthur didn't reply.

Sharpedge didn't speak anymore as well. He took a few steps slowly, enclosing little by little.

"Well, this is a change of pace," Paytowin said from the spectator seats. "All this time, everyone just started battering each other once the match starts."

"It was no less intense, though," Jack said.

On the arena, Sharpedge continued to step forward slowly while Arthur never moved a step. When he was roughly three meters away, Sharpedge pulled his greatsword into a thrusting pose and thrust in a swift motion. His unusually large greatsword was almost two meters long. That one thrust easily covered the distance.

There was a light show accompanying the thrust, showing it was a non-standard thrusting skill.

Yet, the thrust hit only air. Arthur had made a small jump to the side, dodging the thrust, before he made a large step forward. He zoomed forward with the thrusting blade of the greatsword just an inch to his side. All this while, his katana was still in its scabbard.

When their bodies almost touched each other, Arthur pulled his katana. His hand didn't seem to move much, but the katana had swiftly drawn out from its scabbard and sliced across Sharpedge's belly in an instant. A curved flash accompanied the slash. Sharpedge's HP was down to less than one quarter after that one slash.

"Iaido!" Paytowin exclaimed.

"That's not the most surprising thing," Jack uttered. "He had just used mana manipulation with the slash."

Sharpedge was greatly shocked by how much HP he lost from that one slash. He was an Avenger who had a large HP pool and high defense. The slash just now also didn't feel like a skill. How could a normal slash cause such high damage?

While Sharpedge was feeling both pain and shock from the slash, Arthur made a fast turn. His hand was now gripping the katana hilt with a backhand grip. The katana swooped down vertically with a backhand slash, accurately cutting through Sharpedge's neck.

This second slash caused critical damage, Sharpedge was also so shocked that he forgot to activate Last Stand. But even if the slash was not critical and even if Sharpedge used Last Stand, Jack suspected the match would still end with that second slash.

Sharpedge fell to the floor.

'Who is he?' Jack thought. Only two standard slashes. This guy was no less intimidating than the heavenly enforcers. Jack used Inspect on the draconian. No, no guild tag.

Although the draconian aspects made it difficult for one to estimate age, there were some wrinkles in the placements of the scales. That made Jack suspect this Arthur was an elderly person.

'A master,' he thought. 'A swordmaster.'

Maybe his grandfather knew this person? But since the old man was not here, Jack couldn't ask. He looked around and saw Jet in the spectator seats. Jack went over to the dwarf audience section while Pallas announced Arthus as the victor.

"Where are you going?" Paytowin asked.

"Be back soon," Jack replied.

The dwarfs were bewildered seeing a human suddenly come over to their side. Jack just went ahead and sat beside Jet.

"What do you want, Jack boy?" Jet asked.

"So cold. I remembered you used to always treat me with a smile," Jack replied.

"We are opponents in the next match. Once you lose, you will see me all smiles again," Jet said.

"You are the one doing the losing," Jack retorted. "Anyway, do you know that draconian?"

"Yeah."

"Really? Who is he?"

"Arthur Bagrat."

"..."

Jet, seeing Jack's expression, uttered, "Wait, you don't know who Arthur Bagrat is?"

"If I have known, I wouldn't have asked now, would I?" Jack replied. "From your tone, it seems like he is a famous person?"

"You bet he is. He is the world's number one swordmaster," Jet answered.

"Wow. If you say it like that, he must be very good then. I guess he is one generation with you and my gramps?"

"He is. He used to come to challenge your grandfather in our younger days."

"Really? How did the challenge go?"

"Challenges. Let's just put it this way. If your grandfather uses any other weapon outside of a sword, Domon thrashes him. But when Domon uses a sword, it is Arthur who thrashes Domon."

"Really?!" Jack exclaimed in surprise.

"Well, thrashes might be too strong a word. Let's just say, if it is swords against swords, two out of three matches, Arthur will win."

"Knowing my grandfather, that is still impressive. Is he that good that he becomes better if his opponent uses a sword?"

"Not that he becomes better. He is just too familiar with a sword that he can easily predict what his opponent is going to do with it. Any subtle movement and he can already tell whether it's a thrust, a

slash, a backhand slash, the sword's reach, and what angle that sword will be coming. The moment I saw that opponent of his just now carrying that oversized greatsword, I know already the result of this match."

"Hm...," Jack glanced at Jeanny. 'It's going to be a tough call,' he thought.

"Is you or my grandfather's relationship good with him? Good enough to ask for a favor?" Jack asked.

"We can't exactly call him friend, but we are not adversary as well. Let's just say we are martial arts rivals who used each other to push ourselves to a higher level. What favor do you want from him? Do you want him to teach you sword art? He didn't do favors. He is that lone warrior shit kind of guy."

"Never mind then," Jack muttered. Guess it would be a long shot if he asked Arthur to forfeit his prize if he won.

"Anyway, what is your strategy to deal with your next match, the human team?" Jack asked the old dwarf.

"Our strategy is...," Jet stopped abruptly, he then turned to Jack and shoved him away, "get the hell away from here! You think you can trick me like this? Very sly, Jack boy, coming to me pretending to ask about that old master."

"I'm truly interested in him," Jack shrugged as he stood and walked back to his seat next to Paytowin.

Arthur and Sharpedge had left the arena and Pallas was calling for the next contestants to come down as the words in the sky transformed.

*

Warrior Section Match 3

Boastful, level 46 Berserker (ethereal) Vs Surewin, level 46 Blade Dancer (orc)

*

"Crap!" Jack uttered after seeing the words. "Looking at their aliases, they are practically made for each other."

Boastful was a man ethereal while Surewin was a woman orc.

Boastful started speaking once he stood in the arena, "I like your name. Whatever our match's result, how about spending some time together after this?"

"I will think about it once I put you down," Surewin replied.

"All right, it's a date!" Boastful uttered.

"Shit, they even started courting one another," Jack facepalmed.

Boastful brandished his large two-handed axe while Surewin readied her two swords. Pallas gave the command to begin. The two opponents rushed at one another.

Surprisingly, none of the two used any skills. Their weapons started clashing. The two went back and forth as they fought. The two were decent martial artists. Not overly expert, but still good enough.

"You are not bad," Surewin said in the middle of the fight.

"You too, I'm impressed. We have truly got to hang out after this," Boastful replied.

Little by little, the two's exchanges started to look choreographed. There were times when the blow should have hit but the strike swerved away. It's like the two intentionally prolonged the fight. The spectators felt like they were watching a dance instead of a fight to the death.

"The f*ck is this match turning into?" Jack commented.

"Um, they better stop that soon," Paytowin said. He was looking at Pallas, the divine champion's face was scowling. "Both of them will get into trouble if not."

Pallas' patience didn't last long. He stomped his foot on the floor, cracking the floor and creating a tremor. "The hell are the two of you doing?!" His voice boomed.

The two were stunned by Pallas' outrage. Surewin snapped out first and did a low slash at Boastful's legs. Boastful lost balance as Surewin activated Phantom Blade before executing Penta Slash.

The high damaging single-target skill combined with Phantom Blade which doubled the hit rate, claimed Boastful's life when he was still not sure what had happened.

The match ended and Boastful came to life. The ethereal turned to Surewin and said, "That is underhanded... but I like it!"

"Still want to hang out?" Surewin asked.

"I am afraid you never ask," Boastful replied.

Instead of going back to their seats, the two walked off to another part of the garden. The spectators looked at the two going away, not sure how to feel about the scene.

Chapter 669: Third Matches Continues

"Next!" Pallas exclaimed. His tone still carried annoyance due to the weird pair from the last match.

*

Rogue Section Match 3

Indigenous, level 46 Technocraft (dwarf) Vs Darkradiant, level 46 Assassin (ethereal)

*

The two combatants entered the arena. Darkradiant was from Wilted's camp, so Jack would be cheering on her.

The two readied their weapon. Both of them used daggers. Darkradiant wielded twin black daggers, while Indigenous used a dagger that looked like a miniature chainsaw, similar to what Paytowin used.

That dagger was considered a mechanical weapon, so technocraft received a boost using this type of weapon. This dagger also allowed him to still utilize his Rogue's skills.

When the match began, Indigenous immediately threw out his techno golem ball. It transformed into a large robot that looked like an oversized astronaut suit. The robot immediately rushed over to Darkradiant with its large steps. Indigenous followed a few steps behind.

The robot made a hard slam once Darkradiant came into its reach. Before its fist arrived, Darkradiant vanished. The mechanical fist slammed onto the arena ground and caused a crack.

"Vanish? Why use it so early? Isn't that an escape skill?" Paytowin asked.

"Not necessarily," Jack said.

While everyone was waiting for Darkradiant's Vanish duration to end, Indigenous suddenly jerked up. Darkradiant appeared behind him, her daggers were embedded on Indigenous' back.

Darkradiant could have dodged the robot's slam easily, but her purpose was to utilize the invisibility ability of the Vanish skill instead. Sneaking up on Indigenous with Ranger's Silent Step and landing backstabs using her twin daggers, scoring critical damages.

Indigenous tried to escape, but Darkradiant kicked his legs, tripping him up. All the while continuing her stabs.

The techno golem hurriedly turned around to save its owner. It punched once it got into range, but its fist stopped mid-way.

Darkradiant had used Rogue's skill, Finishing Blow, which dealt bonus damage to an opponent with low health. Indigenous' HP had emptied out when his robot came to save him. The robot then reverted to a ball and disappeared back inside Indigenous.

"Good burst attacks," Paytowin said.

"Yeah," Jack agreed.

After Darkradiant and Indigenous cleared the arena, Pallas called out the participants for the next match.

*

Archer Section Match 3

Synapses, level 46 Beastmaster (vampire) Vs Thick Needle, level 46 Hidden Weapon Specialist (orc)

*

Synapses wore claw weapons on her two fists, while Thick Needle was gripping three knives at the ready.

Once Pallas announced the start of the match. The knives on Needle's hand were immediately thrown. Synapses used her claw weapons to swipe and smacked the three flying knives, just as a huge azure tiger appeared beside her.

Needle also summoned her pet, a thick-haired lynx. The small cat lunged towards the azure tiger that was rushing forward. It was not at all intimidated by its cousin which was three times its size.

Needle's knives never stopped flying. He used the same trick as Anotherday, where the Flying Dagger skill was intertwined with Ranger's Throw Weapon and Archer's Precise Shot, increasing his throw rate.

Synapses could not knock all the non-stop knives. Several still hit her, she suffered the Bleed effect from the hits. She ran at high speed to make it harder for Needle to hit her, all the while trying to shorten the distance between her and her opponent. But Needle was not slow, he moved back to keep the distance while throwing his knives, kiting the beastmaster that tried to approach.

Seeing that she couldn't get near Needle, Synapses called out her wolf pack. Seven wolves appeared and rushed towards Needle.

Needle didn't panic seeing the number of his opponents increase. He used Concealed Needle, the needles flew in all directions, hitting the wolves that had come near. The Wolves received Paralyze from the needles. When he was about to resume throwing knives at Synapses, he found that his opponent was not where she was before.

A shadow loomed over him. He looked up and saw a large humanoid cat in the air, it was coming down at him. He jumped away in the last second just as the large cat struck the spot where he stood before.

The large cat was Synapses in her beast form. The werecat form not only increased her attributes but enhanced her super jump further, making her able to jump even higher than a normal beastmaster. The HP recovery of her beast form also helped in slowing down the bleeding effect she suffered from Needle's throwing knives.

Needle threw her Boomerang in addition to flying knives to try to keep Synapses at bay, but Synapses in her werecat form was truly fast. Neither his knives nor his boomerang hit. Synapses closed in very fast.

When she was close enough to claw, Needle waved his hand and a cloud of powder spread out in front of him. It was Hidden Weapon Specialist's level 40 skill, Powder Throw. The skill dispersed powder in a fan-shaped area, dealing 30% earth damage with a 100% chance to inflict Blind.

Synapses was too close to dodge. The powder also covered a wide area. She suffered damage, but the most troublesome was the loss of vision.

Needle immediately made a follow-up attack using his level 45 skill, Exploding Bullet. A small ball shot out from his hand, heading towards the blinded Synapses.

Out of instinct, Synapses moved away. She couldn't see nor sense the incoming attack, but she figured that this would be the best time for her opponent to land an attack, so she had to keep moving. She moved away just as the small ball came. It passed by right beside her.

BOOM

When the spectators thought Synapses had dodged the bullet, it exploded. At level 1, the bullet dealt 200% fire damage in a two-meter radius area and also had a 20% chance to inflict Disoriented status. Synapses who had dodged a direct hit was still damaged by the blast.

Needle was about to follow up with his knife-throws again, but he suddenly heard howlings. He turned and saw the wolves coming at him. They had come out of their paralyzation. He hurriedly used Ranger's Roll to escape from those beasts.

Just as his Roll ended, he saw a shadow fly past him and fell not far away from him. It was his lynx pet. Another shadow loomed before him again. The azure tiger was now before him, it was raising its paw to claw at him.

He made a quick backstepped to evade, but found something else blocked his escape path. It was Synapses. Unfortunately, the Disoriented status from his Exploding Bullet did not activate. Synapses opened her maws and bit the back of Needle's neck.

Synapses was of the vampire race, which received the first active race skill, drain life, in her fourth month of age. The skill sucked 100 HP each second from the victim she bit, replenishing the life she had lost.

Needle tried to break free, but Synapses in her beast form was too strong for him. While he was struggling, Synapses' wolves and azure tiger arrived. As a ranged class, he was unable to fight off so many melees after getting surrounded.

The spectators then saw the scene of a miserable victim getting torn apart by beasts.

"That... was wild," Paytowin said.

"Yeah," Jack repeated his remark.

Needle came back to life. He and Synapses left the arena and the tournament proceeded to the next match.

*

Mage Section Match 3

Silverfield, level 46 Archmage (orc) Vs Flarement, level 46 Summoner (draconian)

*

The match started exactly the same as the previous mage match, the two magic users cast Mana Bullet and Energy Bolts for their first strikes, which they then blocked using Magic Shield.

"Well, I guess magic-user classes have less variety considering their turtle movement. All they can compete for are their casting speed and the choice of their spells. It's basically watching two people standing and throwing energy to each other," Paytowin commented.

Similar to the previous match, the two started to compete with casting speed again after those basic spells. These two both chose advanced spell this time. Flarement chose Barrier spell which needed only one rune, while Silverfield cast Arcane Turbulence which needed three runes.

Flarement's Barrier was completed first, he then proceeded to cast the next spell. Silverfield's Arcane Turbulence came up under Flarement's feet but the draconian was protected by his Barrier, his spell

casting proceeded without being disrupted. Silverfield realized then he had made a wrong choice for his first spell casting.

Silverfield continued shooting standard attacks in the hope that the Barrier was destroyed while the Arcane Turbulence was still in effect. His standard shots were coated in fire instead of the normal pure energy shot. This was the effect of his familiar, a small imp that was floating beside him.

This imp had the passive abilities to increase mana regeneration of its partner by 30% and added 20% fire damage to its partner's standard attacks. Silverfield's staff was also of high grade so his damage was high. He managed to burst Flarement's barrier bubble before his Arcane Turbulence ended.

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However, Flarement's spell casting continued without disruption. Silverfield then noticed that Flarement's head was covered by a translucent bubble. It was Draconian's age five-month race skill in conjunction with the magic class, Deep Wisdom. The skill increased wisdom by 30% for twenty seconds. The most important effect of this skill, however, was that any spell formation cast when this skill was in effect won't break even if the caster lost concentration.

Seeing that disrupting his opponent was not an option, Silverfield hurriedly started casting an elite spell.

Flarement's four-rune spell was completed and a giant lizard appeared. It was different from the standard giant lizard. This one had thick armored scales along its back and a large heavy ball by the end of its tail. Seeing this lizard reminded Jack of the ankylosaurus, an extinct dinosaur from his past world. This lizard must have been a modified spell using a seed.

The armored lizard crept towards Silverfield. It was slower than the normal giant lizard, though.

Silverfield completed his four-rune elite spell. Mana Beam shot out. The thick beam punched through the armored lizard and also hit Flarement who was already casting another spell. Although Flarement received high damage, his Deep Wisdom was still in effect, so his casting was not disrupted.

Flarement's spell was completed and six dirt golems came out.

Silverfield was also casting another elite spell again, his spell casting speed was faster than Flarement. The spell took form. It was Archmage level 45 spell, Tracing Beams. At level 1, it shot ten beams that could change direction and chased after targets. Each beam dealt 30% magic damage and also caused knockback.

The Tracing Beams that shot out from Silverfield had fourteen beams, which showed that Silverfield had leveled up the spell to level 5. The damage also increased to 34% on each beam because each level increased the spell damage by 1% and added one extra beam.

The fourteen beams hit all six dirt golems, the armored lizard, and Flarement himself. Flarement activated Hard scale, Draconian's age four-month race skill. His scales started gleaming. This race skill increased defense by 30% and granted immunity to knockback or knockdown for thirty seconds.

Flarement's HP went down further to around a quarter left, but he ignored it. The Deep Wisdom and Hard Scale were still protecting him as he cast another spell, a five-rune spell. Summoner's level 45 spell,

Elemental Spirit. This spell was unique for summoners, as it did not summon a creature for a duration. Instead, it summoned an elemental spirit that only last an instant. This spirit delivered powerful elemental damage to a very large area. This spell could be categorized as an offensive spell instead.

Flarement had chosen the fire element when he received the Elemental Spirit spell. Upon activation of this spell, the sky was as if turning into a sea of fire. A huge pillar of fire descended from those clouds of fire before revealing a humanoid being made of pure fire. This being then burst into a flare. A frightening amount of bright flame fell upon the arena.

Silverfield who saw his last assault failed to disrupt Flarement, had cast another spell. It was completed just as the sea of flame fell upon him. A magic wall was laid above him for protection. The sea of flame was intense, but his magic wall could still withstand the heat.

When the elemental attack subsided, the area around Silverfield was burning. He had been saved by his magic wall but there was nowhere he could run to without suffering burn damage.

Flarement's summons were hit by his own Elemental Spirit spell, but due to their high HP, they survived. They were currently surrounding Silverfield that was unable to move anywhere.

Flarement summoned his Fae. After that, he simply erected a magic shield in front of him as he watched his summons wear Silverfield down. Silverfield tried to fight off the summons with his spells, but similar to the last match, he was a range class that got surrounded by melees. His fate was sealed.

Thus ended the last individual match of the day with Flarement as the victor.

Pallas again gave everyone the twenty-minute break before proceeding with the team match. As usual, Jack and Paytowin went down to enjoy the refreshments. After the break ended, the tournament continued

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Team Section Match 3: Draconian Vs Orc

Draconian Team

Drake, level 46 Dragoon

Sour Face, level 46 Weapon Master

Tripsy, level 46 Hidden Weapon Specialist

Megan Blair, level 46 Inquisitor

Antsy, level 46 Druid

Vs

Orc Team

Violent Blizzard, level 46 Avenger

Four Winds, level 46 Berserker

Disco Rain, level 46 Assassin

Water Lily, level 46 Elementalist

Purple Mist, level 46 Priest

*

Pallas opened the portal to allow the two teams to enter. They came out into a mountainous area. It was mostly rocky ground with uneven terrains. They looked over and found to their sides were deep chasm. There was no doubt that anyone falling into this chasm would be effectively taken out of this match.

The spectators had a better view from the overview map. There were lots of these chasms all around the landscape. Some areas were linked by only a tiny rock bridge.

After reviewing their surroundings, the two teams started moving forward. The two simply took a straight path, heading to the center of the map. It was as if the two teams had an agreement beforehand, no tricks.

When the two teams caught sight of one another, they were both in front of a chasm. Between them was a floating landmass that was connected by two narrow bridges, one at each of their sides. If they were to have a direct confrontation, then they should enter this floating landmass.

The two showed no hesitation. They crossed that narrow bridge onto the center floating landmass. It would be the arena where they faced each other. The two teams stood opposite each other. This landmass was large for a one on one battle, larger than the arena that was used outside. But for five against five, this place was rather cramped. It would be very easy for one to get thrown out and into the chasm below.

However, it seemed that the two didn't mind a confrontation in this small arena. Both teams exhibited confidence.

The players who stood at the center of both teams also stood a bit forward, everyone could see that they were the leaders of the teams. The draconian team's leader was the inquisitor, Megan Blair, while the berserker, Four Winds, lead the orc team.

One thing interesting about the orc team was that aside from the leader, Four Winds, all the others were women. Even though they were now wearing orc faces, everyone could still see that they were top beauties. More interestingly, these orc beauties didn't appear to mind their appearance changes.

The draconian leader showed a similar indifference, like the orc women, everyone could see that she was also a beauty despite all the scales on her face.

The two teams just stared at each other. The spectators didn't see any of their mouths moving.

As if in agreement again, both Megan and Four Winds lifted their hands. The four behind them took action.

From the Draconian team, Drake and Sour Face rushed at Purple Mist, their opponent's healer. Tripsy used her Concealed Needle. Numerous needles flew and provided cover to Drake and Sour Face's

advances. Antsy started casting Summon Treants. While the leader, Megan, headed directly to Water Lily, the opponent's Elementalist.

Inquisitor class was the bane of the magical class. Against an opponent with equal expertise, equipment, and stats, an inquisitor would make short work of magic users. Inquisitors received bonuses on magical defense and most of their skills were designed to trouble magic classes.

The Orc team didn't exactly stay idle and let the enemies do as they wish. Violent Blizzard got in front of Purple Mist, intend on protecting Purple Mist while Purple Mist started casting Bless. Disco Rain disappeared completely. Water Lily acted like she didn't see Megan coming for her, she stood her ground and cast her spell.

Megan cast Burn Mana. An energy beam shot out of her hand towards Water Lily. If the spell hit, it would consume 30% of Water Lily's MP and Water Lily would receive damage equal to the consumed MP. As a spellcaster, Water Lily would suffer another of this spell's effects, which was a 100% chance of getting her casting disrupted even if her concentration was not broken. Unless she had a protection skill like the Draconian's Deep Wisdom, her casting was as good as gone.

Yet, the cyan energy beam didn't hit Water Lily as another person placed himself in front of the Elementalist just before the beam hit. It was Four Winds. He lost thirty percent of his stamina and suffered equal damage. He didn't seem to mind though. He was carrying twin axes in his hands. His body was covered by crimson tattoos.

The spectators were confused as Four Winds' tattoos were a different color than the normal berserkers' one. Jack and his friends, on the other hand, had seen such a tattoo color before. It was the same crimson color possessed by their guild Hero, Uruk.